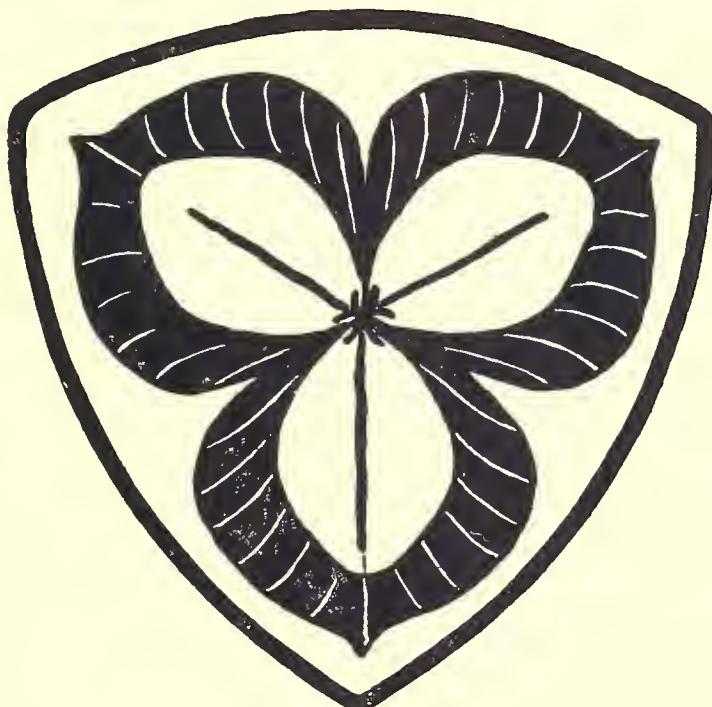
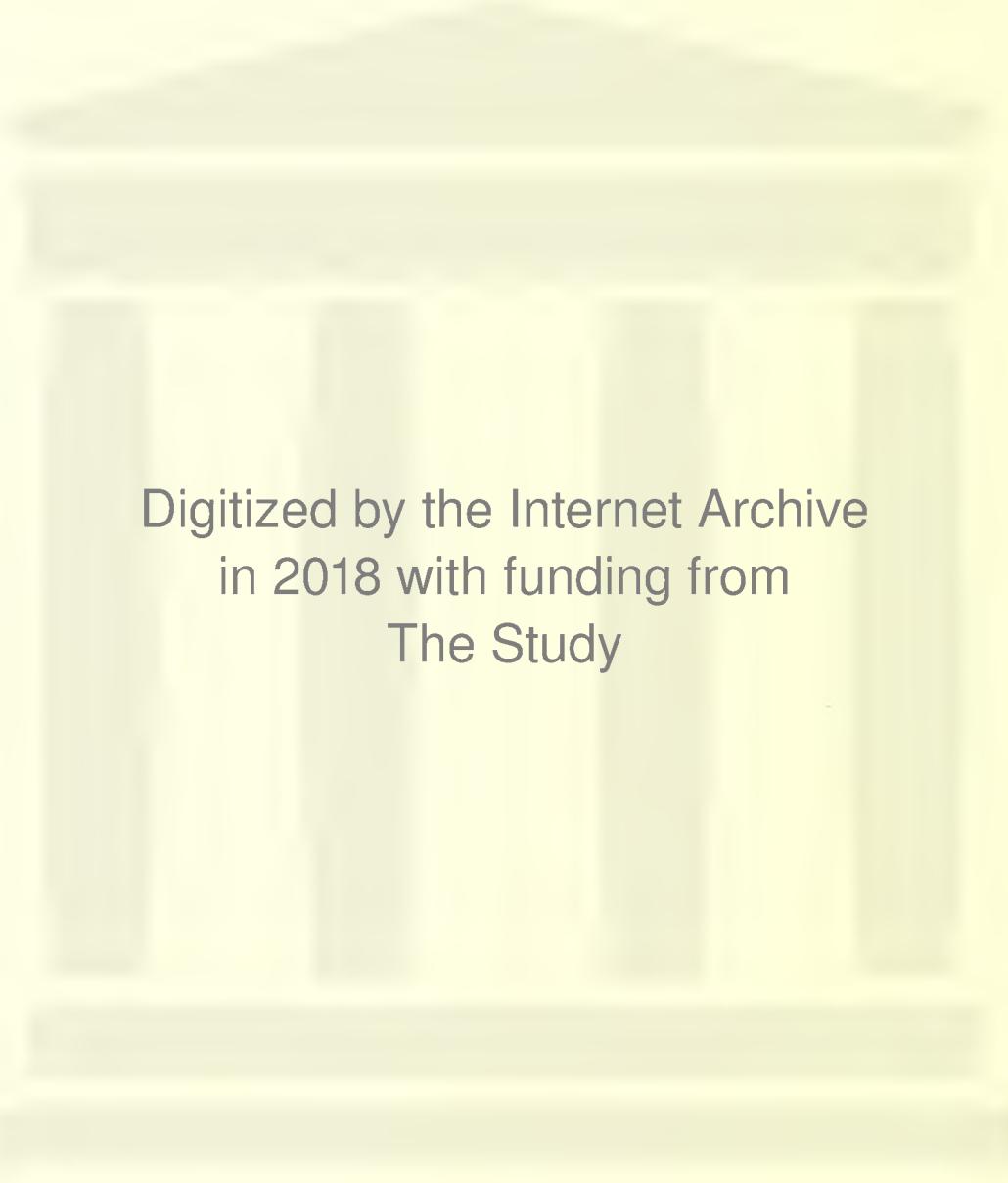


THE STUDY CHRONICLE



MIDSUMMER 1937



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The Study

Montreal



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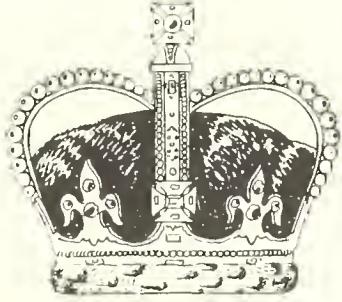
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KING GEORGE VI



God, the Crown of the
faithful ~ Bless we
beseech Thee and sanc-
tify this thy servant George our
King: and as Thou dost this
day set a Crown of pure gold
upon his head, so enrich his royal
heart with Thine abundant grace,
and crown him with all princely
virtues, through the King Eter-
nal Jesus Christ our Lord.

Amen.

THE PRAYER OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY
AT THE PUTTING ON OF THE CROWN

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Miss B. O. PRYCE.....	B Forms Higher Certificate, National Froebel Union.
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Miss E. F. VOWLES, B.Sc.	Mathematics and Physics Bristol University. (<i>Teaching in England for one year</i> .)
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EDITORIAL

*"Alle is buxumnesse there and bookees for to rede and to lerne,
And grete love and lykinge for eche of hem loveth other."*

—PIERS PLOWMAN B. X. 303 and 305

The Editors of the Magazine have asked the Sixth Form to write the editorial for this year. After thinking for many weeks about a suitable subject—for few of us are experienced in the art of writing—we decided to write on friendliness, for we think that it plays a very large part in the life of The Study.

A stranger to the school who came to Montreal a few years ago, asked a friend what sort of a school The Study was. She was told that its main characteristic was that the older girls and younger girls were like sisters in a large family; that the older girls never played the part of superior elders, but were helpful and encouraging to the younger ones. We feel that this is the greatest tribute that could have been paid to the school.

There are many ways in which this friendliness has grown into the important place it now fills in the school's life. First of all in the organization of Houses. The Houses, four in number, are made up of a perpendicular and not a horizontal cross section of the school. Thus girls of all ages, from the Lower Thirds to the Sixth Form, work together, not for personal gain, but for the glory of the House.

Another real reason for this feeling of friendliness in the school is the attitude of the staff and girls toward each other. The staff are thought of not as people in authority, but as guides and helpers, always ready for a joke to lighten the burden of solving problems and learning verbs, and with it all commanding respect.

Miss Gascoigne herself was never a person who stood on her dignity, or of whom one stood in awe. She was always ready and willing to discuss our personal problems, and to give kindly and helpful advice at all times.

It is with regret that we realize that the time has come to leave our school days behind us, but with a feeling of gratitude we can take with us the friendships we have made at The Study.

THE SQUIRRELS

The squirrels, they jump from tree to tree
 On every sunny day,
 They are as nimble as can be,
 And how they love to play!

In and out among the boughs
 The scampering squirrels run,
 They jump about at hide and seek
 And really think it's fun.

When Autumn comes with chilly days
 And leaves begin to rustle,
 They quickly start to gather nuts,
 They say "Let's hustle, hustle".

When Winter comes and North Winds blow,
 They quickly hide away,
 They do not like the frost and snow,
 And winds that blow all day.

PAMELA PONDER. *Aged 11.*

* * *

NATURE'S MUSIC

I woke up very early,
 And as I lay in bed,
 The dew lay thick and pearly
 On every flower's head.
 I heard the farmer singing
 As he went out to mow,
 I heard the church bells ringing,
 And the cawing of the crow.
 I heard the oxen lowing,
 As they went down to drink;
 I heard the old cows moo-ing,
 As they roamed along the brink.
 There is music, music, music,
 In almost everything,
 From the ringing of the church bell
 To the trumpets of the king.

ELIZABETH HENRY. *Lower IV.*

A GHOSTLY RIDE

The autumn days dawned clear and cool, and John Carstairs came down to breakfast whistling cheerfully. He had to make a long drive that day to visit his mother who lived in a town many miles away. He ate a hearty meal, packed his bag and after saying good-bye to his house-keeper and his dog, he set out in his little blue roadster. Soon the shops and cars of the big city were far behind him, and he came to the open country.

Glorious moors of heather, purple and white in the sunlight, spread out on either side of the grey road twisting through the highlands. Now and then a silver loch was visible between the hills, though the morning mist had not yet cleared in the valleys. The sky was clear and blue and the air cool. It was a perfect day for a long drive. But even in the sunlight John shivered at the loneliness of the road, the desolation and stillness. He felt out of place in the majesty and peace of the great calm hills. To his memory came tales of highland raiders, riding down in the twilight—murders, massacres and wars between clan and clan, highlands and lowlands. What a place for a hold-up, a murder! A shot, a cry, and all would be still again—no one to see or hear. His mind far away with his imaginings, a man standing by the roadside, seeking a ride, caused him to start. He did not stop—it might be a hold-up. Better not take a chance.

Suddenly he realized the air was colder, and looking round, he said that a great grey blanket of fog was creeping in from the sea. He sped on, trying to keep ahead of it. He passed a small town, and now other cars appeared on the road, and farms became less scarce. The fog got thicker and thicker, swirling round him in great eddies of cold air. A soft drizzle of rain fell, and in this depressing atmosphere his surroundings became more ghostly with each mile. Now he could barely see to drive, so thick was the fog. He slowed down the car, and regretted his bad luck. His mother would worry, thinking he had had an accident.

Just then, the car came to a standstill—and so for a moment did John's heart. A breakdown here was bad enough, but the fog made it worse. He saw that he was out of gas and looking around desperately realized that there was no place from which to get help. A passing motorist gave him hope of rescue, but though he signalled and the man must have seen him, he would not stop. John was furious, and then remembered his own refusal of a man not long ago. He started to walk on, leaving the car to its fate. As the cars loomed out of the mist and went slowly past and disappeared again, he looked around hopefully, but no one stopped.

Then another car came slowly towards him, and stopped. A lift at last! John opened the door, sprang in and sat down. Turning to thank the driver, he saw to his utter consternation that the driver's seat was empty! And the car moved slowly forward again. It was a small, light car, but there was no downward slope. Fear gripped his heart, and he sat on, in a daze of terror. He

could hear his heart pounding, the only sound in this ghostly world. So petrified he could not move or call out, he sat still, and the minutes dragged on, seeming an eternity. No car passed, and even if one had, he could have done nothing. Where was his ghostly chauffeur taking him? Would he go over a cliff and be shattered to pieces? No one would know what had happened. Maybe he was dead, and was drifting through space. But the car seemed real enough.

Suddenly at the window appeared a most life like head, and he realized that the car had stopped. A prosaic voice inquired in an amazed tone: "How on earth did you get in? Here I've been pushing the car for miles as I've no gasoline, and you get an easy ride. You can just get out and push for a while!"

MARGERY HUTCHISON.

* * *

SCHOOL

Twenty-past seven,
Bed seems just like heaven.
Twenty-past eight,
Be off, or late.
Twenty-past nine,
Miss Cooper! How divine.
Twenty-past ten,
Huh! Latin once again.
Twenty-past eleven,
Biscuits, six or seven.
Twenty-past twelve,
Still we dig and delve.
Twenty-past one,
I'm on the homeward run.
Twenty-past two,
With lunch I'm nearly through.
Twenty-past three,
At games you'll see me spree.
Twenty-past four,
I'm off towards home once more.
Twenty-past five,
Can I be still alive?
Twenty-past six,
French! I'm in a fix.
Twenty-past seven,
Again bed seems like heaven.

SHEILA MERCER. *Lower IV.*

HOUSE NOTES

The title "HOUSE NOTES" is written in large, bold, serif capital letters. Below the letter "O" in "HOUSE" and the letter "T" in "NOTES" are four small house shields. From left to right, they contain the initials ΔB, MG, KP, and BA.

MU GAMMA

Mu Gamma, distinguished by being one of the first Houses to come into existence, met once again at the beginning of the year, determined to do better and to uphold the reputation made by former Mu Gammites. At the meeting it was decided that Winnifred Molson and Jean Gordon should retain their positions of last year, namely, Head of the House, and Sub-Head; Elizabeth Lyman was elected Games Captain. Only two old members were missing, Barbara MacCallum who last year was Games Captain, and Joan Clarkson, who expected to join us later but was unable to do so. We received into The House four new members, Daphne Hodgson, Meg Lindsay, Kathleen Root and Virginia Walbank. We are fortunate in having again this year as House Mistresses Miss Hague and Miss Wallace, who have given their firm support and good advice throughout the year.

This year is marked by a changing of the system of order in the school and this deserves to be mentioned here because it directly concerns the giving in of points for the House. Last spring Miss Harvey and the Sixth form decided that it was rather ridiculous to have all rules counting the same number of points, for in this way trivial and essential matters were losing their true values. Therefore a change was made and points for work were to count double other points. This system was found more satisfactory but not entirely efficient. Changes were made gradually during the year but still the school in general was not happy about the arrangement. With the coming of spring, change once more was in the air and this a more drastic one. The system of giving in points against the Houses for bad order has been done away with, and points can now be obtained for the Houses by good order. So far this has had happy results in regard to order in the school and we hope that Mu Gamma will be more successful under this new system.

Mu Gamma made a supreme effort during the first term and was rewarded by leading the Houses by a good majority of points. But in the Easter Term we slackened and lost our place, coming out fourth. During the Summer Term we have continued to fall behind until the prospect of gaining back our place of the Christmas Term seems very dim indeed, but it still remains to be seen how we will fare under the new system.

The House has not been very successful in the Badminton and Basket-Ball Tournaments, but several points were gained at the Jumping Competition. The Sports Day and the Swimming Meet are still ahead of us and in these we hope to retrieve our position.

KAPPA RHO

The first house meeting of the year was rather noisy and rowdy, but the outcome of it was that the following girls were elected, Dorothea Hamilton as Head of the House, Gwenyth McConkey as Sub-Head and Barbara Morgan, Games Captain. We also welcomed six new girls namely Frances Barnes, Sheila Ramsay, Jocelyn Pangman, Elizabeth Gillespie, Ann Hodgson, Julia Mackenzie.

Kappa Rho said good-bye to three girls this year, Mary Harling, Diana Walker and Margaret Graham.

We have not crowned ourselves with laurels this year. The Christmas term was good, but our totals have been distressingly high these last two terms.

In games Kappa Rho has been successful. She came second in the Inter-House Basket-Ball Games, the team being as follows:—

Shots	Gwenyth McConkey
	Eleanor Leggat
Centres	Katherine Mackenzie
	Barbara Morgan
Defences	Dorothea Hamilton
	Elizabeth McConkey

We won the Badminton House Tournaments through the excellent performances of Eleanor Leggat, Katherine Mackenzie and Estelle Holland.

We hope to distinguish ourselves still further in athletics on Sports Day and at the Swimming Meet, which are still to come.

BETA LAMBDA

When we got back to school again in September and began House Meetings we found we had said goodbye to only three old girls, Alice Patch, Sydney Fisher and Elizabeth Ferguson. We welcomed to our House, however, eleven new girls, namely, Peggy and Diana Davis, Elizabeth Dawes, Helen Fuller, Joan Hebden, Elizabeth Hodge, Barbara Miller, Anne Morgan, Roslyn Robertson, Margery Todd and Barbara Tidmarsh. Miss Indge and Miss Cooper are our two House Mistresses.

At our first House Meeting, Althea Morris was elected head of the House, Margaret Knox Sub-Head and Evelyn Capon Games Captain. Margaret later took Evelyn's position as Evelyn had to leave us before term was up.

Our Christmas Term total was rather deplorable. We took a good step for the better, however, during the Easter Term and came first among the Houses. Now we are trying our utmost to have a really good Summer Term total — so here's hoping

The following girls comprised our House Basket-Ball Team:—

Shots.....	Elizabeth Capon
	Althea Morris
Centres.....	Evelyn Capon
	Margaret Knox
Defenses.....	Diana Davis
	Sheila-Bell Mappin.
Substitute.....	Peggy Durnford

DELTA BETA

Last year we said good-bye to Margot McDougall and Margery Schofield but welcomed to our first House Meeting this year eight new girls, Peggy-Ann Macfarlane, Dorothy Stairs, Peggy Heustis, Nancy Baldwin, Sheila Montgomery, Fredericka Green, Isobel Chapman and Ruth Noble.

At our opening meeting, in the History Room as usual, Marion Savage was elected Head of the House and Games Captain, and Marjorie Jones Sub-Head.

The end of the Christmas Term showed an enormous total against us. The Easter total was far better. However, it seems that our Delta Beta girls find it difficult to wake up in the morning because we have had an amazing number of lates during the year!

This year our Basket-Ball Team was as follows:—

Forwards.....	Pat Nelson
	Marjorie Willetts
Centres.....	Nancy Montefiore
	Marion Savage
Defence.....	Janet Willetts
	Betty Shuter
Substitute.....	Sheila Ryan

We played two exciting games against Beta Lambda and Kappa Rho but were unfortunately defeated. However, we hope to do better next year.

For many years Madame Gaudion and Miss Moore have been staunch supporters and helpful advisers of our house. They have not failed us this year, and Delta Beta is sincerely grateful to them.

We are eagerly anticipating the Swimming Meet and Sports Day which take place at the end of this term.

* * *

The Legislative Council may defile a bill a number of times, but if it appears two or three times it is not usually defiled each time.

IMAGINATION

If I were a fairy
 And lived in the wood,
 I'd have a little kingdom
 And have everyone be good.

And every night at twelve o'clock
 We'd have a fairy ball,
 While all the mortals listened
 To the fairies' soft foot fall.

JOAN MASON. *Aged 10. Upper III.*

. . .

THE DEER

Away to the east the sun was rising,
 A circle of gold on the crest of the mountain;
 Down in the meadow the deer were grazing,
 And drinking the water from a spraying fountain.

They had come to his grounds to feed in the darkness,
 They made little noise for softly they tread;
 His grass was so green, his water so clear,
 And the sun rose up like a bubble of red.

All at once they heard a sound,
 They listened, and their grazing stopped,
 They scented in the air that dreaded danger,
 All at once one of them dropped.

They started to run as fast as they could,
 They sped over the grass so soft and green.
 While some were falling wounded or dead
 Others were hoping they would not be seen.

The morning sun had boldly risen,
 As they all came to the top of the hill,
 They ran to the woods where they were safe,
 They stopped and listened, but all was still.

FRANCES BARNES. *Lower IV.*



FIRST BASKETBALL TEAM

BETTY LYMAN	MISS MOORE	JOAN ANDERSON
MARION SAVAGE	EVELYN CAPON	BARBARA MORGAN
HELEN MALCOLM		



SECOND BASKETBALL TEAM

ALTHEA MORRIS, PEGGY DURNTORD, MARGARET KNOX, NANCY MONTEHORE, SHEILA-BELL MAPPIN
KATHARINE MACKENZIE, DOROTHEA HAMILTON, ELEANOR LEGGAT

SPORTS



School opened on the fifteenth of September and basketball practices began immediately. For the rest of September and during early October we played outside, but as the temperature dropped lower and lower we began our indoor practices at the Y.M.C.A. Gym. and at St. James the Apostle Church Hall. Our first game was with the Old Girls. Unfortunately we were beaten but we didn't mind so much since their team was composed of practically all the best players the School has ever had.

The teams for this year's games were as follows:—

<i>First Team</i>		<i>Second Team</i>
Petty Lyman	Forward	Althea Morris
Marion Savage	"	Sheila Mappin
Evelyn Capon, <i>Capt.</i>	Centre	Katherine Mackenzie
Helen Malcolm	"	Eleanor Leggat
Joan Anderson	Defence	Dorothea Hamilton, <i>Capt.</i>
Barbara Morgan	"	Margaret Knox
	Sub.	Peggy Durnford

<i>Old Girls' Team</i>		<i>Mistresses' Team</i>
Joyce Browning	Forward	Miss Hague
Claire Mann	"	Miss Wallace
Nancy Tolmie	Shooting Centre	Miss Young
Pamela Kemp	"	
Barbara MacCallum	Defense Centre	Miss Moore
Marjorie Price	Defense	Miss Caddy
Helen Davis	"	Miss Price

MATCH SCORES 1936-37

Date	Opponent	Place	First team	Second Team
Nov. 27th	Miss Edgar's	Y.W.C.A.	18-24 defeat	12-11 victory
Dec. 7th	Trafalgar	Y.W.C.A.	79-16 defeat	26-18 defeat
Jan. 28th	Weston	Y.M.C.A.	27-44 victory	
Feb. 11th	Miss Edgar's	Y.M.C.A.	15-26 victory	12-13 victory
Feb. 25th	Trafalgar	Y.M.C.A.	85-18 defeat	26-13 defeat
Mar. 12th	Weston	M.A.A.A.	48-35 defeat	
Mar. 24th	Compton	Y.M.C.A.	26-26 tie	19-14 defeat

The games with Compton were two of the nicest of the whole season. The Compton girls were taller than most of us but the first team managed to keep even with them and everybody felt that both teams had played exceptionally well. Afterwards we led the King's Hall team to see at school and everybody seemed to enjoy themselves, that is if enjoyment can be measured by the amount of noise.

Two other games were also immensely enjoyed by the School teams. These were the Staff Matches. This year the Mistresses played two games, one against each team. They won the second team game, but lost against the first team.

During the Winter months there was a certain amount of skating and hockey, but not as much as usual, on account of the extraordinary mild Winter that we have had. Badminton was also played during the Winter months, down at St. James, and we have had several good round robins. The tournaments have mainly been won by Kappa Rho, but their success has not detracted at all from the enjoyment of the games by the other houses.

The Upper School has played Volley Ball during lunch hour in the past months and we are becoming quite proficient in this exciting game. Baseball too has become popular as a summer game, and we have had two good house games. Beta Lambda and Delta Eta combining against Mu Gamma and Kappa Rho. As scores stand now, each side has won one game and we hope to play a final game next week.

Another popular summer sport is swimming. We have engaged the Y.W.C.A. pool for two days a week this year instead of one, and everybody is practising hard for the coming swimming meet.

The crowning point of the School Year in drill was the Drill Demonstration which was given at the end of the Easter term. The work for it was done entirely in our school periods, with only one extra practice. The demonstration showed the development of drill up through the school, e.g. from the rhythmic exercises of the younger children to the difficult balancing of the upper classes.

A drill competition between the forms of the School was also held early in the summer term. This was won by the Upper Fifth Form with the Sixth half a point behind them and the Upper Fourth in third place.

MARION SAVAGE, *Games Captain.*

PROFICIENCY IN DRILL

Class A

Dorothea Hamilton	Florence Grimaldi
Althea Morris	Claire Fisher
Nancy Montefiore	Mary Patch
Edith Donnelly	Sheila Ryan
Elizabeth McConkey	Peggy Ann Macfarlane
Audrey Bovey	

Class B

Marion Savage	Eleanor Leggat
Margaret Knox	Ann Williamson
Evelyn Capon	Marise Bishop
Helen Malcolm	Alison Heney
Marjorie Willets	Barbara Miller
Katherine Mackenzie	Julia Mackenzie

PROFICIENCY IN GAMES

Class A

Marion Savage	Eleanor Leggat
Evelyn Capon	Katherine Mackenzie
Helen Malcolm	

Class B

Elizabeth Lyman	Diana Davis
Sheila Bell Mappin	Joan Nelson
Elizabeth Hodge	Sheila Ryan
Angela Mackenzie	Mary Patch
Ann Williamson	Elizabeth Dawes
Betty Capon	Julia Mackenzie

A WALK IN THE MOONLIGHT

I have only once been for a really late walk, and that was this Summer, by the sea-side with my father.

The sands lay stretched out like a long, firm, even pathway, glimmering yellow in the moonlight. The sky above was like a gown of deep, rich velvet (set with tiny twinkling gems, little silvery-crystal stars) spread protectingly by Mother Nature over all her little sleeping creatures here on earth. But the gown was adorned by one huge gem, a perfectly round, shimmering opal which seemed indeed to share some of its light and beauty with the other jewels around it, making them shine also.

Night and day, the two queens of the heavens have each their own gowns, each their own ethereal beauty, for day dons a gown of pale azure blue steeped in liquid gold, and her only jewel, the crimson sun helps to make her beauty fresh and dazzling, burning into one's very heart and soul, as the sun burns into one's body.

But night, the stately queen of the nocturnal hours, rests one's tired eyes and heart, and her gentle breezes, and sweet, solemn silence mean more than day's noises ever can.

That night, the opal moon lent her soft radiance to everything; the sand dunes in the distance, their long grasses softly swaying in the salt breeze, resembled mountains of silver foam, and the noisy breakers, beating their way in onto the shore with steady rhythm, reminded one of restless chargers foaming and champing at the bit.

The dark trees stood out against the sky, their slender forms making a delicate tracery in the strong light of the moon. A lonely sea-gull dipped and sailed between the changing forms of the waves, like some lonely spirit in search of something lost, while every now and then it sent up a low, weird cry like that of a human being in trouble.

The strange wonderful beauty, and power of the moonlight were things that I had never before so strongly realised as now, and I think that walk one of the loveliest experiences that I have yet had.

MARGERY NELSON. *Upper IV.*

Aged 13.

• • •

Henry VIII threw the pope overboard and he drowned.

• • •

Birmingham manufactures everything from a pin to an elephant.

DRAMATIC NOTES



At the end of the Christmas Term members of the Upper and Lower IV's gave a very entertaining play called "The Knave of Hearts". The parts were taken very efficiently by Petty Shuter as the Chancellor, Priscilla Lobley as Pompdebile, King of Hearts, and Elizabeth Macdonald as the Lady Violetta. Janet Shaw was the Knave. The play was an amusing one based on the old nursery rhyme about the Knave who stole the tarts the Queen had made and the reason why he stole them. Contrary to opinion, he was a hero, not a thief! The Lady Violetta, lovely but undomesticated, was chosen by the erratic King of Hearts as queen-elect. The Lady had, however, to pass a test; she had to prepare some special pastry, which, if it were passed by the royal cooks (Blue Hose, Florence Grimaldi, Yellow Hose, Sheila Mercer)—would entitle the dish to be placed in the Royal Museum and the Lady Violetta to a place on the throne.

The day came, and the Lady Violetta elected to prepare some raspberry tarts, although she had no idea whatever how to make the said delicacies. The raspberry jam had been forgotten, but one of the pages (Audrey Bovey) unexpectedly produced some from his pocket.

The curious preparations went on, and a very strange mixture was produced bencath the indulgent and anxious eyes of the King, and the stare of the fussy Chancellor. The mess was duly put in the oven and the Royal party walked out leaving the tarts to bake for twenty minutes.

The Knave, who loved the Lady, sneaked back to see what could be done to avert the catastrophe.

He proved equal to the occasion: he remembered that his wife, an excellent cook, was at the moment baking raspberry tarts! He proposed to steal these tarts, and substitute them for those in the oven—the latter he took away with him leaving the oven empty.

Soon the King and the Chancellor demanded admittance, and took their seats. The cooks were ordered to open the oven door and pass judgment on the tarts. The oven was empty. Where were the tarts? Just then the Knave was brought in—the tarts in his hands! He was threatened with dire punishment, but when the tarts were tasted, was forgotten in the excitement. So delicious were they that the Lady Violetta was raised to the King's throne, and the Knave, forgiven, was asked to recite the rhyme he had made.

The setting was quite regal, and the dresses, chiefly scarlet and white, with a splash of purple provided by the King's mantle, were delightful. It was a thoroughly enjoyable entertainment.

The cast of "The Knave of Hearts" was as follows:

Managers.....	JACQUELINE HALE and PATRICIA NELSON
King Pompdebile.....	PRISCILLA LOBLEY
The Lady Violetta.....	ELIZABETH MACDONALD
The Knave of Hearts.....	JANET SHAW
The Chancellor.....	BETTY SHUTER
The Lady-in-Waiting (Ursule).....	GRETA MORRIS
Heralds.....	PENELOPE CHIPMAN and ELEANOR LEGGATT
Royal Cooks— <i>Yellow Hose</i>	SHEILA MERCER
<i>Blue Hose</i>	FLORENCE GRIMALDI
Pages (bearing ingredients):	AUDREY BOVEY, FRANCINE COLE, CLARE FISHER, JOAN GILMOUR, INA GRIMALDI, ANGELA MACKENZIE, JOAN STANGER

Members of the Upper IV and the Lower IV are acting a play called "The Magic Piper" very shortly, and Lower IV scenes from "As You Like It" at the end of the Term.

M. PATERSON
G. McCONKEY

RESULTS

Results—what a terrible word,
To the girls who don't work in class;
The clever ones say,
In an off-handed way,
"I'm sure I didn't pass."

Results—what a wonderful thing,
If you manage to pass with a fair,
You *run* home to mother,
(Boss your big brother)
You're feeling so up in the air.

Results—what a hideous thought,
When a report comes at the end of term;
You've failed in this
You've failed in that,
Which makes you blush, and squirm.
But,
Results—what a glorious thing,
When teachers and pupils all gleam;
At a basketball game,
Where to win, is an aim,
And The Study's the vanquishing team.

HELEN MALCOLM. *Lower V.*



Throughout the past year there has been a good attendance at the art classes, under the inspiring guidance of Miss Seath.

Here in the art room we use all sorts of methods of work including finger painting, linoleum block cutting, clay modelling and soap carving.

This last year a great addition to the art class, both in appearance and utility, were the new easels.

We wish to thank Mr. Raleigh Parkin, who very kindly lent us some very fine Mexican textiles, such as the lovely gay coloured rugs, and several huge brimmed sombreros, which were painted by the girls. Century plants composed the backgrounds for these pictures, which through the kindness of Miss Jane Spier of McGill, we were able to draw, having seen them at the McGill Botanical Conservatory.

Later in the year we visited Harrison's Bakery which was very interesting. The girls did sketches of the various processes in bread-making, and later large paintings were made from them.

Last fall we took a trip to St. Helen's Island, and there made sketches of the bridge, lighthouse, etc. Large drawings were made from these sketches also.

Another interesting place we visited was the Redpath Museum. Here we made drawings of the pre-historic animals.

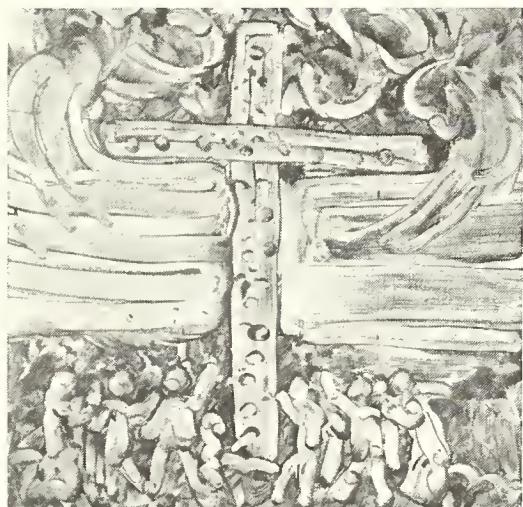
This Spring we sent by invitation, twenty drawings to the Art Gallery in Toronto. Contributions were from various parts of Canada.

From this it is evident that our year has been a full and most interesting one.



An example of clay
modelling:
a relief by
ALTHEA MORRIS
17 years

THE CROSS ON THE MOUNTAIN
A finger painting by
NANCY LEE WARREN
Aged 9



A CHILD AT WORK
Modelling in clay

A composition in
poster paint by
CLAIRL FISHER
12 years



A finger painting
by
BETTY MACLEAN
9 $\frac{1}{2}$ years

ANNE GRAFITEY
11 years old
painted this horse in oils



WHAT I DO IN BED AT NIGHT

When I am in bed at night
 After daddy has turned out the light,
 After all my prayers are said,
 I like to lie awake in bed.
 And wonder how some things come true,
 How I am I and you are you;
 I often wonder how ships can float;
 There really isn't so much air in a boat!
 And how we get a programme by radio
 Without any wires to make it go;
 When I am wondering how these things come true
 I think I fall asleep don't you?
 And when I wake up at last
 I find that all the night has passed;
 And that another day has come
 To bring me lots of joy and fun.

JOAN GILMOUR. *Lower IV. Aged 12.*

* * *

TWILIGHT TIME

'Tis twilight time o'er the country-side,
 Over fields and valleys both far and wide.
 The rosy sun casts its dying ray
 Which brightens the sky of the fading day.
 The shadows lengthen upon the hill,
 The water gurgles down by the mill.
 And over all there's a feeling of peace,
 A feeling for twilight that never will cease.

ANNE BOND. *Aged 11.*

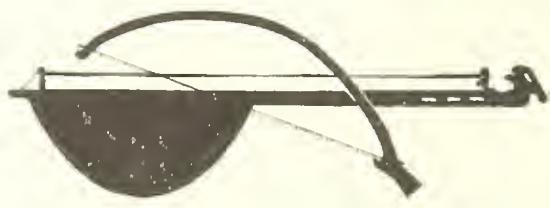
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LIMERICKS

If x equals y over d ,
 And y equals 2 over 3,
 Then x is a number,
 But why such a blunder,
 To find out what x is to be?

MARTHA CHADWICK. *Lower V.*

MUSIC



On the ninth of June 1936 the School gave a recital of songs which was one of the most enjoyable concerts that we have ever given. The programme was as follows:

ENGLISH FOLK SONGS

Aikin Drum	Sweet Nightingale
Evening Prayer	O, No, John
The Frog and the Mouse	
<i>Lower School</i>	

SONGS FROM THE WORKS OF BACH AND HANDEL

Light is my Heart	Handel
O let the Merry Bells	Handel
<i>Middle and Upper School</i>	
Let Us Wander	
Come, let Us to the Bagpipe's sound	
<i>Third and Fourth Forms</i>	
As when the Dove laments her love	
<i>Fifth and Sixth Forms</i>	
Good Fellows be Merry	Bach
For the Beauty of the earth	Bach
<i>Middle and Upper School</i>	

The Rogue's March	
Over the Hills and Far Away	
Shepherd's Cradle Song	
Le Moulin	
<i>The Pipe Class</i>	

SONGS BY CONTEMPORARY COMPOSERS

Who has seen the Wind	Geoffrey Shaw
Linden Lea	Vaughan Williams
<i>Third and Fourth Forms</i>	
Cradle Song	
<i>Fifth and Sixth Forms</i>	
Invitation	
<i>Middle and Upper School</i>	

The songs from the works of Bach and Handel were some of the nicest that the School has ever had, and everyone enjoyed practising them. "Who has seen Wind" from the last group, was particularly well done, together with "Invitation" which is one of the School's favourites.

At this concert we tried a new speaking arrangement. The parents sat on the platform and the girls sang at the back of the hall, standing on all the benches that the School could muster. Some of our positions were rather precarious no doubt, but there was certainly much more room and better sound.

At Christmas we gave a recital of carols, beneath the shade of the Lower School's gigantic Christmas tree, which would insist upon shedding its artificial snow all over us. "Adeste Fideles" and its descant was one of the most beautiful of the carols as well as "Mater of a Filium" and "Christmas Is Coming" was a very popular one.

During the Easter term we have been exceedingly busy preparing for the Quebec Music Festival. This was the most important event of our musical year, and a most important event for Quebec. The Prairie Provinces seem to have been far ahead of Quebec in music for Edmonton has held festivals for over thirty years and Winnipeg for nineteen. However, Quebec has now made a beginning and none can deny that the first festival was a great success.

We sent two entries into the festival, one composed of the entire Middle and Upper School, the other of the Upper Third and Lower Fourth forms. The first group sang two songs, "Light is my Heart" and "You'll get there". On these the Adjudicator's comments were: *First song*: "A little fast". "Very pretty tone." "Beautifully blended". "One longed for a beat to keep them together a little more rhythmically." *Second song*: "Pretty texture". "Cultured words and a good climax."

The second group sang: "Linden Lea" and "Care flies from the lad that is merry". Again I quote the adjudicator: *First song*: "Shapely phrasing." "High notes a little timid." "Watch final consonants especially in "overhead" and "bed." "Well in tune." *Second song*: "Jolly start, they like this better." "Cultured Work."

The actual marks pleased us very much, they were as follows:

<i>First Group</i> :	Light is my heart.....	83
	You'll get there.....	84
<i>Second Group</i> :	Care Flies.....	85
	Linden Lea.....	85

Over eighty is the standard for distinction.

In the first group there were nine competing choirs and the school took second place. In the second group we also came second, a group of boys coming first. It was quite fun having so many different kinds of choirs competing against us, and seeing the different ways in which a song could be interpreted.

Altogether The Study has had a very happy and successful year in music, and we have all enjoyed it.

THE SUN

The sun woke up one morning
 Feeling very fine,
 He rose above the hillside
 And shone upon each vine.

He shone upon the sun dial
 Telling one the time,
 He looked upon the market-place
 He saw a silver dime.

He stared down on the baking road
 'T was now twelve o'clock.
 He smiled upon the traveller's head
 Then down upon the dock.

He gleamed upon the water
 Coloured green and blue,
 He grinned upon the mountain,
 Where the wild things grew.

When to the sun's horror
 Up came a cloud
 He hid behind the hillside,
 While the storm grew loud.

GWEN MARLER. *Aged 10. Middle III.*

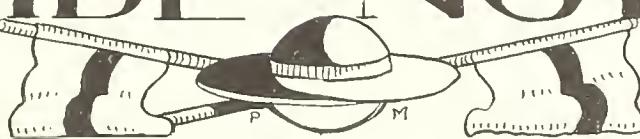
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SPRING

On the sidewalks streamlets run,
 Snow is melting in the sun.
 People walk with careful feet,
 Lest they slip in the wat'ry street.
 Sparrows are hopping about in glee,
 Red-breasted robins we soon shall see.

MARGERY NELSON. *Upper IV.*

GUIDE NOTES



This year there are thirty-six Guides in the 8th Montreal Company, six Patrol Leaders, six Patrol Seconds and eighty-four Guides. Last autumn five Brownies "flew up" from the 8th Montreal Company, Ann Grafftey, Sheila Mercer, Janet Shaw, Ina Grimaldi and Daphne Fairbairn-Smith.

The Company has had two Captains this year: Miss Eleanor Thornhill whose work made it impossible for her to continue, and the present Captain Mrs Leslie. We also have a Lieutenant now, Miss Phyllis Horn.

The Company was most fortunate in having Miss Blanchard train it for the Part Song Festival. We were successful in winning the cup by one point and we are indeed very grateful to Miss Blanchard for having given so much of her time to us.

On May 16th the Company attended a Church Parade for the Central District, the service being held at St. Georges Church.

On June 4th, the Central District had a rally, instead of the Dog Show held last year, which was held at the Victoria Rifles Armoury.

Altogether this year has been a satisfactory year, but we all hope that we will be more successful next year in the different competitions.

The year will end with a picnic on the mountain, the cup being presented to the winning patrol, and then some Guide games.

Gwyneth McConkey, P.L.

One of the ministers in the British Cabinet is the Foreign Secretary for Home Affairs.

Children cannot be parents, only grown ups can.



BROWNIES

At the beginning of the year there were thirty-five Brownies, fifteen of these were new Brownies or "Tweenies". The Pack is divided into "Sixes"—Elves, Gnomes, Fairies, Kelpies. Soon after we started, five Brownies left us to join the Guide Company. These were Anne Graffey, Sheila Mercer, Ina Grimaldi, Diana White and Daphne Smith; the last three of these "flew up" as they had won their Golden Hand Badge. Among the things which Golden Hand Brownies can do are knitting, tea-making, fire laying and semaphore signalling. There are seven Golden Hand Brownies in the Pack. Among the things they can do are table setting, the tying of three different useful knots, and interesting observations of living things. These Brownies are now working for their Golden Hand Badge.

We were glad to welcome a number of the Brownies' parents at the first enrollment of the autumn and hope to see them again next year. Owing to Mrs. Howard having resigned as District Commissioner, our Divisional Commissioner, Mrs. Macdonald, visited us on this occasion.

As we had a little extra money this spring, which has accumulated in the last four years, the Brownies made a trip to Ogilvy's and bought twenty little sailor suits which have been given to the Children's Memorial Hospital. Miss Jenkins herself visited the Pack and told us something about the children in the Hospital.

The Brownies are looking forward to the Central District Rally on the fourth of June, in which they are taking part in a number with Skipping Ropes and Balls.

The Pack was sorry that last year's Tawny Owl, Andrea Peck, had to leave us but we were lucky to have Rebecca Jones and Mary Harding join us as new Tawnies in her place.

KATHERINE MACDONALD, *Brown Owl.*



MY LITTLE PUSSY

I had a little pussy,
Who was all made of fur,
And when I patted him
He began to purr.

He has a house of cushions
Which he sleeps in every night,
And I always come and kiss him
Before I turn the light.

AUDREY MARY MACDERMOT.
Aged 9. Upper A.

• • •

THE ROMANS

The Romans were a brainy crowd,
Of laws and buildings they were proud.
They built one beautiful abode,
Had little chariots in which they rode.

They did not think that it was right
To be at peace, so went to fight
The British, (who had armour on)
But the British told them to go on.

J. Caesar was their emperor,
He landed on the British shore,
He didn't do Arithmetic,
But built his houses all of brick.

SHEILA EIDER. *Aged 8.*

UPPER A FORM:

Dorothy Charters
 Sally Dawson
 Mary-Lea Fetherstonhaugh
 Janet Gilmour
 Stephanie Hale
 Barbara Heward
 Linda Hodgson
 Barbara Jellett
 Louise Marler
 Elizabeth Marler
 Lucille Molson

Audrey MacDermot
 Betty MacLean
 Margot McDougall
 Nancy McGill
 Bryony Plant
 Nancy-Lee Warren
 Virginia Welsford
 Marjorie Wiggs
 Joan Wight
 Sally Wilson
 Mary Fisher

LOWER A FORM:

Rosalie-Anne Ballantyne
 Virginia Birks
 Barbara Christmas
 Sheila Elder
 Cynthia Landry
 Elspeth Lindsay
 Jill Litchfield

Martha Morgan
 Shirley McCall
 Rosina McCarthy
 Joan Notman
 Elizabeth Parkin
 Madelaine Parsons
 Marylee Putnam

UPPER B FORM:

Elspeth Angus
 Barbara Beall
 Frances Currie
 Nancy Edmonson
 Elizabeth Fleming
 Shirley Harrison

Joan Huestis
 Cathy-Ann Notman
 Frances Patch
 Marjoris Root
 Barbara Wales
 Jane Ramsay

LOWLR B FORM:

Willa Benson
 Jancis Durnford
 Eleanor Lindsay
 Frances Hodge
 Mary Lyall

Jane McCarthy
 Rosamond McDougall
 Elizabeth McLennan
 Mary Robertson

PRIMARY:

Eliz. Ann Perlyn
 Willa Birks
 Nicole Brouillette
 Sheila Campbell
 Gail Cottingham
 Sonia Crossen

Martha Fisher
 Katherine Paterson
 Patsy MacDermot
 Mary Stewart
 June Walker

ROLL CALL — 1936-37

Head Girl: DOROTHEA HAMILTON

Prefects:

JEAN GORDON

WENNIFRED MOLSON

MARION SAVAGE

MU GAMMA

KAPPA RHO

Winnifred Molson (<i>Head of House</i>)	Dorothea Hamilton (<i>Head of House</i>)
Jean Gordon (<i>Sub Head of House</i>)	Gwyneth McConkey (<i>Sub Head</i>)
Betty Lyman (<i>Games Captain</i>)	Barbara Morgan (<i>Games Captain</i>)
Joan Anderson	Frances Barnes
Audrey Bovey	Martha Chadwick
Joan Bronson	Francine Cole
Shiela Clarkson	Penelope Chipman
Jacqueline Hale	Edith Donnelly
Daphne Hodgson	Muriel Garrow
Margery Hutchison	Elizabeth Gillespie
Meg. Lindsay	Joan Gilmour
Helen Malcolm	Florence Grimaldi
Sheila Mercer	Ina Grimaldi
Jane Molson	Ann Hodgson
Isabel McGill	Estelle Holland
Margery Paterson	Elizabeth Hopkins
June Peverley	Eleanor Leggat
Helen Price	Marjorie Lewis
Kathleen Root	Katherine Mackenzie
Miriam Tees	Angela Mackenzie
Barbara Todd	Julia Mackenzie
Aurelia Walker	Joan Mason
Barbara Walker	Elizabeth McConkey
Virginia Walbank	Jocelyn Pangman
Anne Williamson	Sheila Ramsay
Jeanne Unwin	Janet Shaw
Diana White	Joan Shaw
	Daphne Fairbairn-Smith

BETA LAMBDA

Althea Morris (*Head of House*)
 Margaret Knox (*Sub Head*)
 Evelyn Capon (*Games Captain*)
 Marise Bishop
 Janice Byington
 Ann Blaiklock
 Betty Capon
 Diana Davis
 Peggy Davis
 Elizabeth Dawes
 Peggie Durnford
 Claire Fisher
 Helen Fuller
 Joan Hebden
 Elizabeth Hodge
 Gwendolen Marler
 Barbara Miller
 Greta Morris
 Sheila-Bell Mappin
 Anne Morgan
 Margery Nelson
 Mary Patch
 Pamela Ponder
 Adele Robertson
 Roslyn Robertson
 Joan Stanger
 Jessie Stirling
 Barbara Tidmarsh
 Margery Todd

DELTA BETA

Marion Savage (*Head of House*)
 Marjorie Jones (*Sub Head*)
 Marion Savage (*Games Captain*)
 Beatrice Angus
 Nancy Baldwin
 Anne Bond
 Patricia Carlisle
 Isabel Chapman
 Ethel Enderby
 Frederika Green
 Ann Graffey
 Mary Hanson
 Elizabeth Heney
 Alison Heney
 Peggy Huestis
 Priscilla Lobley
 Nancy Montefiore
 Sheila Montgomery
 Elizabeth Macdonald
 Peggy-Ann Macfarlane
 Patricia Nelson
 Joan Nelson
 Ruth Noble
 Priscilla Penfield
 Sheila Ryan
 Betty Shuter
 Dorothy Stairs
 Hilda Thornhill
 Janet Willetts
 Marjorie Willetts

MY LOST HAT

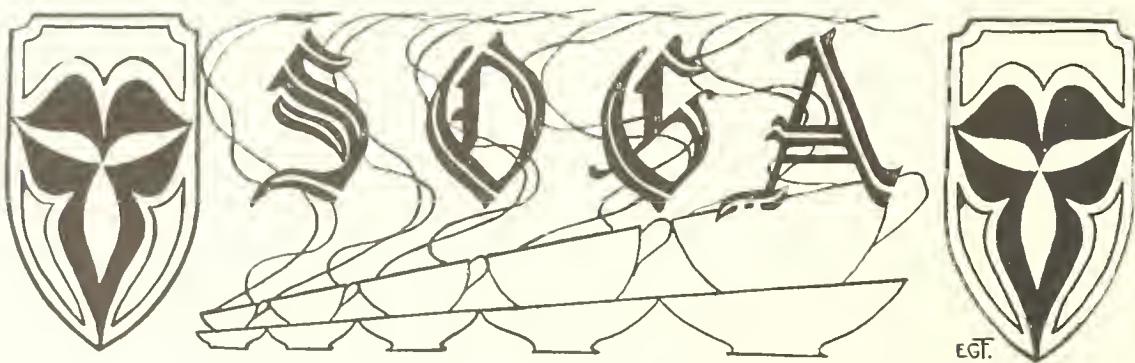
When I was small, when I was four years old, I went on a boat, and my hat blew off, and it fell into the sea. I have been wondering if any fish has been caught wearing a blue hat.

ELEANOR LINDSAY. *Aged 7.*



FORM VI

JEAN GORDON ALTHEA MORRIS WINNIFRED MOLSON MARGARET KNOX
MARJORIE JONES DOROTHEA HAMILTON MARION SAVAGE



EGF.

LIST OF OFFICERS

Honorary President

MISS MARY G. HARVEY

President

ELIZABETH MAXWELL

Vice-President

MARGERY DODD

Secretary

BARBARA KEMP

Treasurer

MARGARET PATCH

Committee

ELIZABETH CAPE

PATRICIA HALE

ELIZABETH McDougall

PERCIVAL MACKENZIE

JOANNA WRIGHT

· · ·

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

The Study Old Girls' Association again reports an active year with fifteen new members invited to join the ranks.

Mrs. John Cape presided at the Annual Meeting held at the School on January the twenty-eighth, nineteen hundred and thirty-seven, and at that meeting handed over the reins to the new executive. It was our loss when Betty Cape resigned. Her personal charm of manner, combined with her capable handling of facts and figures made the meetings interesting, live occasions.

It was decided at that same meeting that a certain small surplus in the Association bank account should be spent on books for the School. When asked what she would like, Miss Harvey suggested the new Encyclopaedia Britannica Junior, which was accordingly ordered, and is now installed where the girls have free access to it. I think this is a contribution to School equipment of which the Old Girls may be justly proud.

We also had a silver plate made for the portrait of Miss Gascoigne, and had it very simply inscribed with her name, and the dates of her birth and death.

The Old Girls are once again taking charge of the Magazine. Last year's Editorial Staff cannot be praised too highly for the very fine edition they turned out. It was packed with interest, well laid out, therefore easy to read, and, they made a neat profit! The profit has been put aside to be used in emergencies only, and only for the Magazine. This year's Editors, as you can see, have equalled last year's performance.

In June we shall hold a General Meeting at the School, there winding up activities until the Fall.

Respectfully submitted,

BETTY MAXWELL.

A VOYAGE IN A SAILING SHIP

One by one, and very rapidly now, the squareriggers are going to the ship breakers, and soon, it will not be possible to make a long sea voyage, which is like stepping back into a book, from the last century, and lets the immensity of the ocean impress itself into the spirit of the voyager as no short steamer passage can do.

After crossing from Montreal, in a cattle steamer, and a few hours in London, I felt lucky to be in Copenhagen to join a Finnish barque, although I was apprehensive of joining a foreign ship, of which I had only just heard. But the chance seemed too good to be missed. At the ship's agent's, I met the Captain, and followed him, and the mates, up to the Finnish consul's office where the ship's articles were read out in Swedish and I signed on as a sea apprentice, at ten shillings a month. Then after a farewell from the office staff, one of whom envied me wildly for going a voyage, and the other said he could not understand it, I quit the office with its paintings of old sailing vessels, and its coils of ropes and blocks, hanging in rows from the low rafters, and we were off in a sturdy ship's lifeboat, out past the breakwater, where five miles off lay a white five-masted barque, with silvery spars, turning greyish against the glowing sunset. The spray came tossing over the bows of the boat, and with a thrill I remembered how often I had looked at such pictures in adventure stories, and it seemed as if I had stepped into one, and left all the turmoil of gas filled city streets and the empty noise of civilization behind.

For some days we lay waiting for a fair wind to sail out the narrow straits, near which stands the castle Hamlet was supposed to live in. Sailors have plenty of work to do, even lying at anchor. Work continues unceasingly all day from 6 A.M. to 6 P.M. and now consisted of a rust chipping party in the

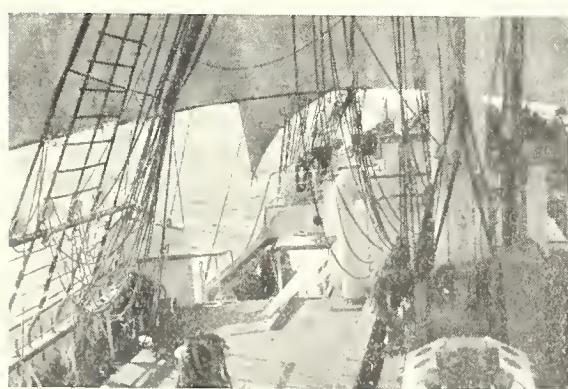
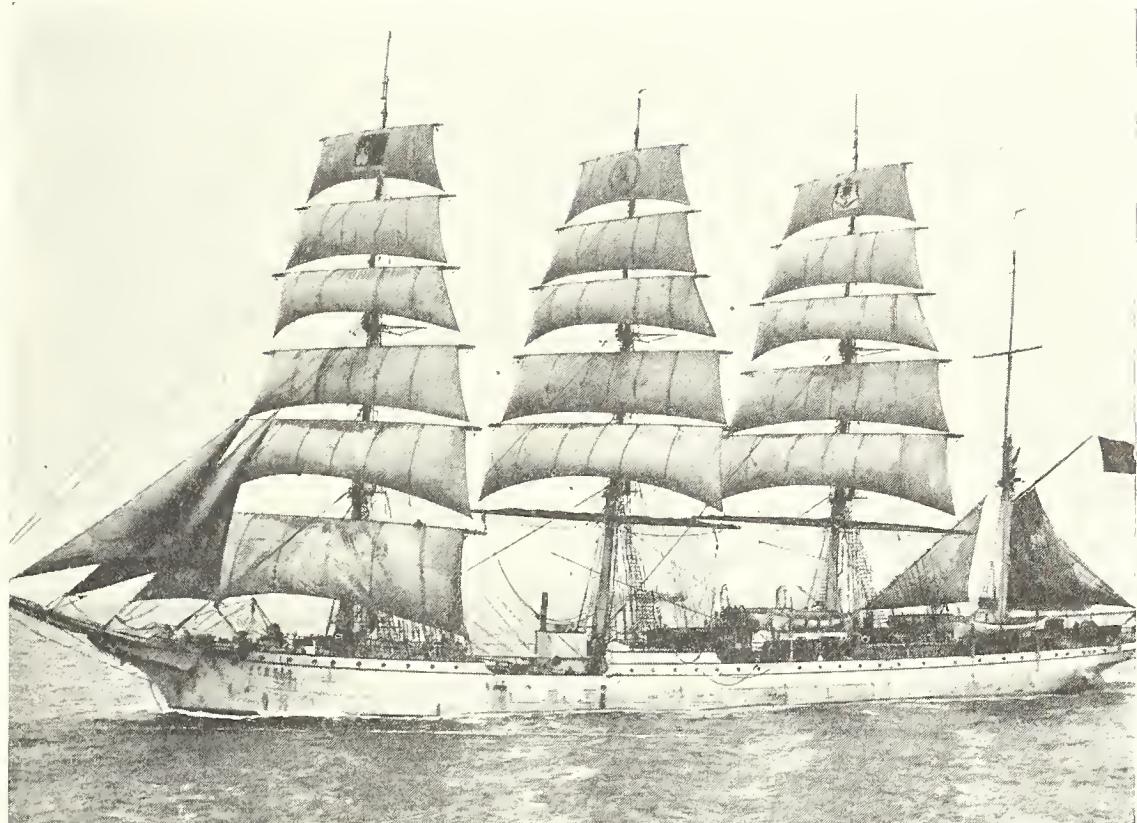
coal box. It was one of the noisiest jobs I ever struck. The rust did not come off in satisfactory flakes, and my hammer seemed only to make little shiny steel marks all over the plates. There is an art in being able to chip efficiently. Smoky lanterns lit beams of rust dust in the air. The coal box was entered by a hatch from the donkey boiler room, as there were dynamos on board for lighting, and steam for deck machinery.

"L'Avenir" had been a Belgian training ship in the early nineteen-hundreds, and there was plenty of accommodation on board. I had a nice little cabin, and the grub was very Swedish, but good, once one got used to such strange messes as blood pancakes and jam, Finnish black bread and oily fishes. I ate in the saloon with the mates. There were six passengers, among them Percy Grainger the pianist and his Swedish wife. Only one other English apprentice was on board, and he was in the starboard watch, while when we got under way, I was in the port.

At that time, Finnish, German, Swedish, Norwegian, Danish and Belgian boys, wishing to become officers at sea, had to undergo training in sail, and we had representatives of practically all these nationalities on board.

Most of them could speak some words of English, and from a couple I learnt that the gear was good, except some of the footropes on the royal yards were rotten. Gazing up at these highest spars, nearly 160 feet above the deck, I wondered how, being a poor climber, even for a girl, I would ever reach them, but these shipmates, who had already made two voyages, assured me it was surprising how accustomed one becomes to heights, and that these ships were not the death traps that some people imagine, and that more people are injured from falling down holds than aloft. Just the day before the newly shipped carpenter had fallen down the hold and been badly injured in the back, and sent ashore, not being able to make the voyage. I thought of everyone at home, and must confess, I wondered if I would be lucky enough to see them again. But we were away then, and I was listening to one of the fellows giving an account of his experiences in the "Hougomount" when she was dismasted. The steel masts doubled like curtain rods, and though some of the hands were aloft at the time, they all managed to escape uninjured. But sailors never speak of fear on board, indeed there is too much work to be done with the small crews carried in these great heavy steel grain vessels, and their crews are all so young and keen that they forget danger and manage wonderfully, although the mate used to say that in a heavy blow, it would be doubtful if they could furl sail sufficiently well to keep the wind from catching under the canvas and tearing it to shreds, as the more experienced older seaman of the well manned ships of years ago could do.

I found being on watch difficult to become accustomed to, at first, especially the idea of going to bed after breakfast, and being roused out at four in the morning seemed a trial. If I couldn't find the matches to light my oil lamp, it meant searching for one's clothes in the same sort of hurry as when getting ready for gym class at school, and, hearing eight bells striking, I would skurry



along the deck, with one shoe off and no coat, although rain was teeming, and arrive to join the muster in the well deck in time to hear the mate mutter "Frei vacten go nere", and find that it was my trick at the wheel. Discipline is strict, so to go and fetch my other shoe would be unthinkable, so the next hour was not very enjoyable. Such inefficiencies cause more hardship to a novice at sea than any real dangers, because the routine work, such as polishing brass, scraping teak, and washing with soda water, fall to their lot, till experience makes them trustworthy on the more skilled jobs, such as renewing rigging, sailmaking and other interesting work, jobs that are the cause of much envy on board.

Through the English channel to the Bay of Biscay, we had calm weather, but true to tradition it blew in the Bay. I became seasick and was merely a useless piece of trash, while the other new hands bravely went aloft to secure the royals. The mates were kind to me, even though a frightened little fifteen year old Danish boy was kicked aloft. I almost wished they would order me aloft as all the orders were in Swedish, and so strange, and the wind felt so cold and harsh. But, despite all, I felt an exhilaration in the masterfulness of the driving ship, tearing through that wild water, and the alive feeling of her taut and vibrating shrouds and straining canvas. The wind increased, so she was snugged down to topsails and foresail. It seemed my seasickness would never go. Unforgettable, a night of teeming rain made it as black as pitch, and how admirable everyone seemed to be at finding the right lines, despite the dark. Shivering and sick I hung onto the spanker sheet, that we were hauling in, when the mate yelled for a "nagel" but I hung on not knowing what that article was. Taking me for a Finn, he caught me by the collar and shook me like a rat. Dazed and surprised, I swayed too sick to care till someone more prompt brought a belaying pin to make fast the sheet. In a short moment I almost wished there was no such thing as the sea. But she was a fine vessel, being unusually dry in heavy weather, much better than a deepwaisted ship, as so many of the others of the grain fleet, with deck houses to get flooded and swept away.

But when the N.E. trades started to whisper, steadily in the rigging, these stormy days were forgotten, and it was a delight to watch the stars twinkling between sails and black rigging. The strong new best sails used in boisterous high latitudes could be vainly allowed to slat away against the masts in calms and doldrums, so on a sunny day the watch go down in the sail locker and select old sails by the light of lanterns, then proceed to unbury them, and in a caterpillar like train carry them to the foot of their masts, and beginning with the royals all thirty-six sails are changed. With our untrained crew this procedure took nearly a day and a half. Aloft on the foot ropes, for five hours, I got much in the way and felt as though my feet were cut in two, and realised the advantages of wearing wooden Dutch clogs aloft, as some of the Finns did.

As "L'Avenir" approached the line every day became more richly delightful. Never had I seen such delicious blue as the water alongside the ship. Often nature can be disappointing, not giving truly rich exotic and startling

colours. In the North they are subdued, restrained and well bred, but how different in the tropics, the gorgeous exhilarating blue bringing dreams of sumptuous places and eastern grandeur. Off watch many of the crew lay in the net under the bowsprit watching for albacore and porpoise. The albacore darted about like gleaming jewels, being yellow and greeny blue, sometimes they leapt right out of the water, the sun catching their iridescent bodies till they resembled miniature rainbows. Porpoises swam before the cutwater in orderly precision formations, evidently under a leader, for with one accord they often suddenly swerved together in the same direction, with remarkable control, that would delight a gym mistress!

One of the most exciting tropical sights came with a rain squall. After a very hot day, at night sheets of rain fell, while the wind blew in violent gusts and carried away a staysail. The rain fell as though heaven was pouring out the contents of a massive bucket on the sea, but how warm and pleasant that soft water felt, after our rations of a jug a day for all purposes. After we had taken the wildly flapping mainsail, we began carrying buckets of water out of the overflowing scuppers, into the barrels and to a tank, under the galley. It was quite tiring, continuing all through the four hour watch, but we must have saved several tons of water, and the reward was great when dirty sweaty clothes could be washed in liberal quantities of lovely soft water. Some say there is malaria in a tropic rainstorm and that it is unsafe to swim in the water, but there are always killjoys everywhere, perhaps the bucket carrying became too tedious.

We sailed close to the coast of South America. To do all this wandering in order to sail around the Cape of Good Hope seems odd, but carefully prepared wind charts, showing winds for every season of the year, their force and velocity, in every part of the ocean, are studied, and the sailing ship's quickest route lies where she will pick up the most favourable winds, not necessarily the shortest steamship route. From South America, she could sooner be in the Westerly winds, and then it would be a sleigh ride around the Cape to South Australia.

Soon it became time to unbend the tropic suit of sails, and change them for new ones, which the sailmaker had been busy making. They were all sewn by hand, involving, literally, millions of stitches. More experienced now, there was rivalry between the watches, to see which mast would be finished first. Beginners usually work in the bunt but I did manage to get out to the arm this time and learn how to pass the earing lashing, and how the sheet and clewline are shacked onto the clew spectacle.

Now we could say goodbye to the bracing in the fitful doldrums, when a line of perspiration on the deck sometimes showed where a recent hauling had taken place. Later as we braced the yards up square to accommodate the following strong westerly wind, a large grand albatross hovered nearby.

One night, in the South Indian Ocean it blew a whole gale, and rain made the blackness of the night so intense, that nothing could be seen. We took in royals, then topgallants, then it still blowing the Captain screamed out that

the topsails must come in too. The daymen came rushing up to help. "If he starts a halliard now those sails will blow to ribbons!" I heard someone cry, and sure enough as the order was carried out great rents appeared in the sails. Their slatting and thundering made the scene wildly exciting. We roughly fisted in what remained of the topsails to be left until they could be unbent. Next morning the wind had dropped and though there was quite a sea on, the new sails were brought on deck to be bent to replace the torn ones, of which there were seven. With the wind on the quarter she rolled heavily, and it was quite difficult not to slide along the footropes, a horrid feeling, only equalled in fear for me by the climb over the topmast crosstrees, feeling like a fly upside down on a huge pendulum. We only had water ballast, and no cargo. When the sails came aloft they swung so that it was difficult to grab them and get the middle seizing in place.

One Friday, chipping rust in the hold, a Finnish shipmate who spoke good English, asked me "Do you know what is going to happen today?" "Sure", I replied, "Pea soup and pancakes!". (That was one of our gala meals on board.) "Pea soup and pancake be blowed!" he retorted. "No, I just heard that Barbara and Olav are engaged to be married and will announce it tonight". Everyone in the ship knew that for weeks past that it was imminent, so that evening, everyone aboard spliced the main brace, though some thought the couple mad to get engaged so speedily, as each of these passengers had left a fiancé at home. They had much in common, both being very artistic, and they spent many hours in making souvenirs for the passengers by painting on parts of the topsails, blown away on the stormy night.

Signs that land was not far off showed, when parts of the accommodation ladder had to be brought out of the forehold on deck, and also wire mooring lines. While overhauling two large hawsers in the tween deck with a swedish-scotch shipmate, I found a beautiful sheath knife with agate handle and old handforged steel blade, inscribed in a foreign language.

After much tacking we sailed into Spencer gulf and moored alongside the long wooden jetty of Port Germein. The much-longed-for mail arrived, but news from home was not as startling as I had expected, having imagined all sorts of things must have come to pass during the three and a half months of newsless time at sea. These letters were read and re-read all through the voyage back to England, while shipmates compared notes on their letters from so many different countries.

Many Aussies came out on the pier to greet the barque from Finland. They appeared an odd lot, with light careless clothing, anything from bedroom slippers to stetson hats, and were rather like Canadians in a small village. When the stevedores came on board I began to like them, they had such a natural sunny and friendly manner, a contrast to the dignified reservedness of our Scandinavian crew.

Port Germein lay in a wide bay, and the hills behind it were a delicate purple and blue. On shore were a row of wooden shacks, a general store, hotel, ice cream sheds and further up the street the wheat lay stacked, under cover. The sun shone fiercely, and I was surprised to see what desert we were in. Shrubs covered it, and had berries with water storing properties. The wind that blew might have been a blast from an oven, for all the good it did towards cooling the air. Chocolate bars were liquid with the heat, but tasted good after ship's fare.

The wheat came out, on a little train, along the jetty and was hoisted aboard in slings of ten bags. In port working hours were from 6.30 A.M. till 5.00 P.M. and after that we went for a dip in the warm green sea, with sandy bottom, but kept a close lookout for sharks and stingrays.

While tallying cargo, one morning, I was hailed by Barbara and Olav, who had asked permission for several members of the crew to attend their wedding that day, so hurriedly I changed from a stevedore to a bridesmaid, complete with flowers. A Fox film man took pictures of the happy couple in various parts of the ship, and a large crowd gathered to see the picturesque wedding in the little church, then they drove off, to start on a honeymoon trip, home, across to America to the other side of the world.

After three weeks in port, we left the wooden jetty. Standing by the warps, and coiling up obstinate wire mooring lines, I saw nearly the entire population of Port Germein grow smaller and smaller, as the tug got us under way, and felt regretful to leave that parched, hilly, sandy, country, with its kindly folk, for months of heaving sea. How very long ago it had seemed that leaving Copenhagen, shipmates had sung out, while hauling braces: "Oh hogy! Australia! Rabbits boys! Haul! Long Haul! Oh Yes! Kangaroos!" and now we were already leaving them. What should we meet among those wild uncut, unhampered, hissing, rollers in the South Pacific, and around Cape Horn?

But, as we never sighted land for five months, till the Scilly Isles of England appeared, that would be a very long yarn.

ANNETTE DAVIS,

The Fo'castle, Sudbury Court Road,
Harrow, Middlesex, England.

THE CORONATION

On May 12th, London awakens to find a cold grey misty morning; her streets are thronged with people. Young and old, rich and poor, every nationality and creed alike are there to see the Coronation of the King and Queen. Some are walking hurriedly to get to their seats before the routes close at 6 o'clock; others are driving, the steady stream of traffic getting blocked at every corner, their anxious faces peering from the car windows—will they be

there in time? The parks, with their rows upon rows of tents, are hives of activity on this damp sombre morning. Soldiers are assembling, soldiers are marching—whole regiments slowly appear out of the mist, like ghosts! On the route, the pavements are packed with people, who have waited since noon the day before to be sure of having a place, all jolly and laughing good-humouredly in spite of the cold and damp. London may well be proud of her people !!

Now transport yourself to Hyde Park Corner. On the way to your seats, you pass through the midst of the crowd. You hear from the people around you that no aeroplanes are to be allowed to fly over London, you also hear that police reinforcements are ready at a moment's notice to take their places anywhere along the route, and that plain clothes detectives are mingling with the crowds, watching every move!

You start up the steps of your stand, tickets in hand. You feel rather like one of a herd of sheep. You move when they move, you stop when they stop—you have no alternative. You feel your way; you are packed so tight that you cannot see the steps. Finally you sit down, breathless, wondering if your coat is still whole. Your ribs feel a little sore, and your shins have been damaged by thrusts from the Umbrella, that trusted friend of the English people! However, you settle yourself on your backless, 10-inch board seat on an air cushion. It is 5.45 A.M. and the procession will not pass until 3.30 in the afternoon, yet the stand is crowded to capacity.

Now, feeling rather like a sardine, you look over your companions.

There are eight French officers sitting in front of you to the right. They are talking hard, you wish you could catch what they are saying but you are just too far away. They are in uniform, well bedecked with medals. One is in the uniform of the Foreign Legion. A few rows in front of you are a little boy and his mother. The little lad seems worried in case King George does not see him and wave. He is silenced by his parent, who explains that King George will not see him as His Majesty rides in a coach. Your heart aches for the little fellow and you wish you could talk to him. You glance quickly over the stand and see a blur of faces; your ears catch the strains of a band, and your attention centres on the street. Here they come! Regiment upon regiment marching with perfect precision: Territorials, Regulars, Highlanders, Africans, Scottish Rifles. The crowd clap and cheer. You notice now that the route in front of you is lined by police and soldiers, all standing shoulder to shoulder in solemn rows.

Time is getting on, and you feel the need of food before the broadcast starts at 11 o'clock. You push your way down the steps and manage to obtain a cup of coffee and a sandwich, which you eat wandering in the gardens of *Apsley House*. You discover that the enjoyment of a meal standing in the rain, is a real art. You try to balance your coffee cup and sandwich, while everyone round you seems to have the insane desire to entangle himself in your field glasses or camera—you are secretly thankful that you did not bring an umbrella! Your repast successfully downed, and your legs stretched, you scramble back! On the way, you pass four tables of bridge, it is a strange sight.

The soldiers are still passing as you once again resume your seat. You barely have time to settle yourself, when the sun suddenly breaks through the clouds, and there, in glistening breast plates and helmets, come the Horse Guards and Life Guards. A rousing cheer goes up as they pass. It is a gorgeous sight.

The Coronation Service of the King and Queen, begins as Big Ben strikes the hour, and a hush falls over the crowd. By the medium of the radio you feel as if you, too, are sitting in the Abbey watching the historic pageant of this great nation. You feel that the whole world is there joining in the hope for security, peace and unity.

The guns boom forth all over London. The tension is broken, and the crowd goes mad. Papers that had been used for seats or mattresses all night, are torn into shreads and thrown high in the air, umbrellas are turned inside out, and a cheer soars up until it develops into a steady roar. When all is silent again, and you sink into your seat, you become conscious that the whole atmosphere has changed — the anxiety has gone — the people are happy, their King and Queen are crowned. "Long may they reign".

As the procession passes you feel you have been transported suddenly to Fairyland. The Indians with their gorgeous uniforms and turbans and black faces, the Lancers with their penants fluttering in the breeze, the Australian Contingent with their cocked hats and feathers and sun burnt faces, the Highlanders with their swinging kilts, the Artillery with their glistening gun carriages, the mounted bands with horses prancing to the music, the Beef Eaters, The Royal Scots Greys with their perfectly matched, all-grey horses, the Navy, the Grenadier Guards.

You pinch yourself—are you really witnessing the pageantry of a nation or are you in a toy shop selecting tin soldiers for a child?

A cheer breaks from the crowd, you look, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police are passing, and you are thrilled at the ovation given them. Now come the State Coaches, followed by their escorts. You see the occupants clearly, the Duchess of Kent, the Duchess of Gloucester, Queen Mary with her two grand-daughters, all smiling and bowing to the people. Then the King and Queen in their gorgeous gold coach drawn by three pairs of snow white horses. They are followed by H. R. H. Duke of Gloucester, and H. R. H. Duke of Kent both on horseback. The crowd, with their periscopes held high cheer and shout until their beloved sovereigns pass from view beneath the arch.

Never before in the history of the world has there been such a sight; and now it is all over.

Daylight fades, but London is not permitted to sleep. She is flooded with all the beauty and magnificence of her modern lighting, and a new chapter in History is begun.

"May it be symbolic that this Shrine of Empire may once again be restored to dignity, prosperity and peace."

Long live the King and Queen! And may God bless our Empire.

DOROTHY BENSON.



ENGAGEMENTS

Evelyn Cantlie to Robert Craig, Esq.
Peggy Robinson to Theodore Meighen, Esq.
Betty Hughes to Gerald Dickson, Esq., B.Sc.

MARRIAGES

Allison Coristine to David K. Cassels, Esq., Toronto.
Stella Frosst to Dr. James M. Alexander, Charlotte, N.C.
Anne Fyshe to Capt. John Saegert, Royal Engineers, Bangalore, India.
Audrey Lyman to John MacNab McConnell, Esq.
Mary Elizabeth Ogilvie to John Meredith Cape, Esq.
Aileen Stairs to Gerald White, Esq., Buenos Aires, South America.
Frances Tatley to Frank Olsen, Esq.

BIRTHS

To Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cushing, a daughter.
To Mr. and Mrs. Eric Dawber, a daughter.
To Mr. and Mrs. T. H. P. Molson, a daughter.
To Mr. and Mrs. Aird Nesbitt, a son.
To Dr. and Mrs. E. E. Scharfe, a daughter.

* * *

OLD GIRLS NEWS

Mrs. John McConnell (Audrey Lyman) was married last March and spent her wedding trip skiing in Davos, Switzerland. We hear that she has made her home in Pointe Claire.

Elizabeth McDougall is kept very busy with Junior League work. Libby is an enthusiastic member of the S.O.G.A. Executive and a keen supporter of the School.

Audrey Monk has been doing secretarial work in the Shawinigan Water and Power Company for nearly two years.

Daphne Montefiore went to England for the Coronation and is to be presented to Their Majesties at one of the Spring Courts.

Mrs. Angus Murray (Claire Davis) has been studying public speaking with the Junior League. She has a small daughter who is to be christened Martha Evelyn.

Dr. Dorothy Osborne is doing research work at l'Université de Montpellier, France. We hear that she is planning an extensive motor trip through Switzerland and Italy this summer.

Andre Peck has been kept very busy looking after the art section of this edition of the "Study Chronicle".

Deane Richardson is always glad to see any old girls who drop in at Marie José's where she is working.,

Elizabeth Robertson spent the winter looking after the Junior League finances. She is now working at the Protestant Infants Home.

Peggy Robinson was an efficient worker in the Financial Federation campaign last fall. Peggy is also a very active Junior Leaguer.

Mrs. Allan Ross (Dorothy Hyde) is doing Junior League work in connection with the V.O.N. She has been taking courses in Child Psychology and German.

Mrs. J. M. Saegert (Anne Fyshe) spent her wedding trip travelling in Europe. She will live in Mandalay, Burma, where her husband is to take over the reorganization of the "Sappers".

Mrs. Frank Scott (Marion Dale) is doing some wonderful work in painting. Some of her work was exhibited in the Spring Exhibition and she has a picture on tour with the South African Exhibition.

Mrs. Hugh Starkey is the Chairman of the Junior League Placement Bureau.

Ellen Stansfield is teaching at King's Hall, Compton and *Sbelagh Young* has charge of the youngest pupils of the Junior School of the Study.

Eleanor Sweezy is doing very well at Queen's University where she is in her third year Arts.

Mrs. Harold Webb (Freda Orkin) is running the Wool Shop very successfully.

Mrs. Gerald White (Aileen Stairs) has been living in Philadelphia and Rio de Janeiro since her marriage last summer, but we hear that she now intends to settle in Buenos Aires.

Artistic pursuits have kept many of our old girls busy: *Rebecca Jones* is working with Miss Seath, *Ann Jacobs* at the Art Gallery, *Peggy Kingston* is attending a sculpturing class. *Madeleine Beaubien* and *Mrs. Winslow* are studying at the Beaux Arts. *Percival Mackenzie*, *Harriet Mathias*, *Ann Coglin*, and *Elizabeth Powell* are all working at various kinds of art.

Mildred Larmont and *Phillis LeMaistre* are both doing secretarial work.

A great many of the old girls are busily engaged in various kinds of hospital work. *Dorothy Coward*, *Betty Beveridge*, *Betty Hale*, *Emily Adams*, *Eleanor Thornbill* and *Elizabeth Peck* are all working in the Metabolism Department of the Montreal General Hospital. *Barbara Kemp* is working in the eye clinic of the Montreal General Hospital. *Hope Richardson* as it the Royal Victoria Hospital doing Haematology and general laboratory work.

Charlotte MacFarlane is still studying very hard at her music, she was in charge of all the music for The Winter Club Carnival which was a great success.

Phyllis Elder has been taking a business course this winter, as well as being very active in the M.R.T. Phyllis is to be chairman for the Junior League at The Children's Memorial Hospital next year.

Mrs. Henri Lafleur (Joy McGibbon) is a very active member of the M.R.T. She appeared in the leading role both in "Hay Fever" and in "Petticoat Fever"

Willa Magee is secretary to Lady Marler, wife of the Canadian Ambassador to the United States.

Mrs. Stirling Maxwell (Betty Kemp) is at the Beaux Arts, she exhibited four etchings in the Spring Exhibition. Betty as well as being the President of the S.O.G.A. is very active in the Junior League. During the winter she did a great deal of skiing.

Shirley Goodall is doing medical illustrating for her father.

Margaret Macdonald is in her first year training at the Montreal General Hospital. She got her cap last February.

Naomi MacGachen is doing office work in London, England, for Major Douglas, originator of "Social Credit".

Adrienne Hanson has been modeling in Eaton's fashion shows.

Pamela Kemp is doing Guide work out in Cartierville.

Study Old Girls taking courses at McGill University include:

Arts:

Grace Flintoft	1st year
Margaret Graham	1st "
Kathleen Graham	3rd "
Katharine Gurd	1st "
Patricia Hale	2nd "
Janet Hutchison	Partial
Viva Johnston	"
Betty Knox	Postgraduate work.
Joan Murray-Smith	Partial
Joan Patch	4th year
Margaret Patch	2nd "
Marjorie Schofield	Partial
Norah Richardson	2nd year
Lilias Savage	4th "
Hilda Shaw	Partial
Sylvia Thornhill	3rd year
Doris Wachsmuth	4th "
Betty Weldon	4th "
Peggy Wilkinson	4th "
Barbara Whitley	1st "
Joanna Wright	2nd "

Science:

Katharine Macdonald	2nd year
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Eleanor Peck is studying Music at the Conservatorium and *Margaret Peck* has been taking courses in Education during the winter.

Betty Schwob is also attending the McGill Conservatorium of Music.

Mrs. H. Wyatt Johnston (Beatrice Lyman) is corresponding secretary for the S.P.C.A.

Norah Magee has been taking a business course, and is advertising manager of the Junior League news sheet.

Sheila Macfarlane is secretary of the Woman's Auxiliary committee of the Montreal Orchestra.

Mrs. Gordon Hughes (Norah Rosamond) has been taking a very active part in the Ottawa Drama League.

Dorothy Blair is chairman of the arts department of the Junior League.

Patricia Budden is working with the Canadian Cottons Limited.

Margery Dodd is now editor of this magazine after a winter of varied Junior League work and Chairman of the Public Speaking group.

Mrs. Curzon Dobell (Isabel Barclay) is assistant treasurer of the Day Nursery.

* * *

SPRING

The blue sky above us,
The green grass below:
Gone is the winter,
Gone with the snow.
Home is the robin,
Home from the south,
Hopping to greet us
With a worm in his mouth.
Here are the snowdrops,
Pushing their heads
Up through the tops
Of their warm earthy beds.
The whole world wakes,
And with joy seems to sing,
Welcoming in the happy new spring.

MARGERY NELSON. *Upper IV.*

S. O. G. A. MEMBERS

Name	Address	Telephone
Adams, Emily	732 Upper Lansdowne Ave.	EL. 4630
Anderson, Jean	4005 Cote des Neiges Road, Apt. 3	FL. 1228
Armstrong, Ann	15 Willow Ave., Westmount	EL. 0636
A		
Barr, Mrs. Andrew (Margaret Gordon)	Hemel, Hempstead, Herts, England	WE. 1261
Bate, Patricia	3239 Cedar Ave.	AT. 0016
Beaubien, Madeleine	436 St. Catherine Rd., Outremont	PL. 2353
Bender, Mrs. Alex. (Stella Frosst)	Charlotte, N.C., U.S.A.	WE. 3654
Benson, E. Dorothy	3427 Ontario Ave.	EL. 4505
Beveridge, Elizabeth	3421 Cedar Ave.	HA. 9750
Blair, Dorothy	752 Upper Lansdowne Ave	
Bovey, Kathleen	3445 Peel St.	
Browning, Joyce	35 Fitzjames Ave., Addiscombe, Croydon, Surrey, England	
Buchanan, Barbara	Knowlton, P. Que	
Budden, Patricia	900 Sherbrooke St. W.	LA. 9752
B		
Cantlie, Evelyn	3464 Mountain St.	PL. 5930
Cape, Mrs. John	4131 Cote des Neiges Rd., Apt. 7	FL. 7807
Caron, Alsace	168 St. Catherine Rd	CR. 3611
Cassils, Mrs. David (Allison Coristine)	28 Highland Crescent, Rosedale, Toronto, Ont.	
Chadwick, Mary	411 Metcalfe Ave.	WE. 6358
Chase, Mrs. Harrison (Gertrude Dick)	c/o Mrs. F. Bronson, 405 East 54th St., New York City	
Child, Lady (Sheila Mathewson)	6 Eaton Place, London S.W. 1, England	
Coghill, Anne	1826 Sherbrooke St. W.	FL. 7613
Colby, Eva	650 Belmont Ave	WE. 4632
Cooke, Marjorie	5012 Victoria Ave.	EL. 8869
Coward, Dorothy	740 Upper Roslyn Ave	DE. 2476
Craig, Harriet	Office Telephone (local 126).	PL. 7751
Craig, Jean	I126 Sherbrooke St. W	LA. 0657
Crandall, Ruth	I126 Sherbrooke St. W	LA. 0657
Cushing, Mrs. J. C. (Ethel Lamplough)	Hudson Heights, P. Que.	
C		
Daniels, Phyllis	8 Tratalgar Ave	WI. 4672
Davis, Mrs. Benjamin (Annette Brock)		
Davis, Helen	3250 Cedar Ave	WE. 3447
Dawber, Mrs. Eric (Gwyneth Wonham)	c/o Bank of Montreal, 9 Waterloo Place, London, England	
Dawes, Constance	44 Rosemount Crescent	FL. 9059
Dawes, Mrs. R. J. (Osla Cains)	4277 Western Ave.	FL. 3642
Denny, Mrs. Denniston (Joan Eve)	c/o 1517 Pine Ave.	FI. 9934
Dobell, Mrs. Curzon (Isabel Barelay)	1632 Seafarth Ave	FL. 9450
Dodd, Margery	277 Roxborough St. E., Toronto, Ont. St. Joseph St., Dorval, P. Que.	WE. 2296
Duclos, Ruth	581 Lansdowne Ave	EL. 9379
Dunton, Mrs. W. E. (Brunhilda Morphy)	576 Grosvenor Ave	EL. 1393
D		
Eberts, Mrs. Herman (Mary Arden Stead)	7378 Cote des Neiges Rd.	PL. 1387
Elder, Phyllis	3495 Peel St.	
Evans, Mabel		
E		
Fairman, Peggy	St. Joseph St., Dorval, P. Que	FI. 4263
Ferguson, Elizabeth	3738 Cote des Neiges Rd.	
Flintoft, Grace	3495 Peel St.	
Fry, Mary Scott		
Furse, Mrs. Charles (Grace Sherwood)		
F		
Gaudion, Mme (Mlle Boncher)	28 Rosemount Ave	FL. 9011
Geddes, Mrs. Aubrey K. (Frances Meighen)	642 Murray Hill	FL. 8212
Goodall, Shirley	4305 Montrose Ave	WE. 5759
Gordon, Mrs. Howard (Margaret Black)	Headfaulds, R.R. 6, Lachute, P. Que	
Graham, Kathleen	4095 Cote des Neiges Rd	FL. 1052
Graham, Margaret		
Graham, Mary		
Gray, Katherine		
Gray, Mary Elizabeth		
Gurd, Katherine		
G		
Hale, Esther	1620 Selkirk Ave.	WI. 5643
Hale, Patricia	2095 Lincoln Ave	WI. 5206
Hancox, Miss A. H	3421 Drummond St.	PL. 2613
Hanson, Adrienne	3100 Gouin Blvd., Cartierville	BY. 0293
Harling, Mary	3160 Danlac Rd	FI. 4077
	3160 Danlac Rd	FI. 4077
	3160 Danlac Rd	FI. 4077
	1569 Pine Ave. W	FI. 5769
	1569 Pine Ave. W	FI. 5769
	3180 Westmount Blvd	FI. 3855
H		
Hale, Patricia	3193 Westmount Blvd.	FI. 6548
Hancox, Miss A. H	3193 Westmount Blvd.	FI. 6548
Hanson, Adrienne	1235 Greene Ave.	FI. 1743
Harling, Mary	4066 Gage Rd.	FI. 6677
	1491 Crescent St.	PL. 1978

Name	Address	Telephone
Hart, Marion	9 Hudson Ave	WE. 4626
Harvey, Miss Mary G.	1621 Seaforth Ave	FI. 9352
Henry, Mrs. George Garr (Margot MacDougall)	c/o 3459 Drummond St	PL. 5489
Hingston, Cynthia	1000 Sherbrooke St. W	LA. 0379
Hodgson, Mrs. J. Archibald (Anne Hyde)	St. Joseph St., Dorval, P.Que	Lachine 443
Holden, Mrs. J. H. (Rita Hutchison)	4333 Montrose Ave	WE. 1563
Hollyer, Mrs. J. E. L. (Marguerite Doucet)	33 Drayton Rd	
Hugessen, Hon. Mrs. A. K. (Peggy Duggan)	3576 McTavish St	PL. 5314
Hughes, Mrs. Gordon (Norah Rosamond)	Almonte, Ont	
Hutchison, Janet	4294 Montrose Ave	FI. 3275
J		
Jacobs, Ann	334 Cote St. Antoine Rd	WE. 2091
Johnston, Mrs. H. Wyatt (Beatrice Lyman)	4048 Gage Rd	FL. 6169
Johnston, Viva	3206 Westmount Blvd	WE. 5918
Jones, Rebecca	2090 Sherbrooke St. W	FI. 7286
K		
Kemp, Barbara	76 Forden Ave	WE. 4581
Kemp, Pamela	70 Forden Ave	WE. 4581
Kier, Mrs. David (Anna Dale)	9 Oxford Rd., Oxford, England	
Kingstone, Peggy	1414 Redpath Crescent	PL. 5442
Knox, Elizabeth	3228 Cedar Ave	FL. 6742
L		
Lafleur, Mrs. Henri (Joy McGibbon)	4098 Highland Ave	FI. 7906
Lamplough, Isobel	355 Elm Ave	FI. 7255
Larmouth, Mildred	1321 Sherbrooke St. W	PL. 5702
LeMaistre, Phyllis	4217 Western Ave	WI. 7028
Lyman, Mary	3482 McTavish St	PL. 2906
M		
MacCallum, Barbara	464 Argyle Ave	WE. 1585
Macdonald, Katherine	456 Argyle Ave	WE. 1743
Macdonald, Margaret	456 Argyle Ave	WE. 1743
Macfarlane, Mrs. Donald (Margaret Aylmer)	461 Mount Pleasant Ave	WI. 5584
Macfarlane, Charlotte	1754 Cedar Ave	FI. 7030
Macfarlane, Sheila	1754 Cedar Ave c/o Bank of Montreal, 9 Waterloo Place, London, S.W.1, England	FI. 7030
MacGachen, Naomi	491 Mount Pleasant Ave 3 Arts Club, Marylebone Rd., London, England	WE. 4675
MacInnes, Mrs. Donald (Jane Leggat)	3425 Redpath St	PL. 1938
MacKellar, Mrs. Andrew (Phoebe Nobbs)	4308 Montrose Ave	FL. 2976
Mackenzie, Percival	3767 Cote des Neiges Rd	FI. 1470
MacNutt, Alverda	Canadian Legation, Washington, D.C., U.S.A	
Magee, Norah	4095 Cote des Neiges Rd	FL. 7761
Magee, Wilma	900 Sherbrooke St. W	MA. 9875
Mann, Claire	619 Clarke Ave	WE. 3358
Maxwell, Mrs. H. Stirling (Betty Kemp)	3482 McTavish St	PL. 2906
McCall, Mrs. Alan (Dolly Davidson)	1528 Pine Ave. W	FI. 9550
McConnell, Mrs. John (Audrey Lyman)	647 Grosvenor Ave	EL. 6767
McDougall, Elizabeth	1a Lancaster Rd., London, England	
McRobie, Kathryn	Windsor Arms, Ottawa, Ont	
Merriman, Mrs. Anthony (Gwynedd Turner)	1100 Elgin Terrace	PL. 2400
Metcalfe, Mrs. Gordon (Neville Birchall)	22 de Casson Rd	WI. 1047
Molson, Mrs. T. H. P. (Celia Cantlie)	4331 Western Ave	FI. 5524
Monk, Audrey	3650 Mountain St	PL. 6502
Montefiore, Daphne	46 Sunnyside Ave	WE. 5685
Montgomery, Enid	1522 Summerhill Ave., Apt. 4	WI. 6608
Morgan, Mrs. Theodore (Margaret Molson)	3019 St. Sulpice Rd	FL. 5474
Murray, Mrs. Angus (Clare Davis)		
Murray Smith, Joan		
N		
Nesbitt, Mrs. Aird (Honor Mathewson)	3427 Simpson St	WI. 0618
O		
Osborne, Dr. Dorothy	c/o Mrs. R. Shields, 16 Braeside Place	WE. 4578
Olsen, Mrs. Frank (Frances Tatley)	49 Belvedere Rd	FL. 1226
P		
Palmer, Mrs. Charles Leonard (Jessie Smith)	"Bella Vista", Minas, Rio Tinto, Prov. de Huelva, Spain	
Papineau, Renee	491 Argyle Ave	WE. 1942
Patch, Joan	3156 Westmount Blvd	FL. 2882
Patch, Margaret	118 Aberdeen Ave	WE. 4448
Patterson, Margaret	1648 Sherbrooke St. W	WI. 6888
Peek, Andren	3460 Simpson St	FL. 4335
Peek, Eleanor	3460 Simpson St	FL. 4335
Peek, Elizabeth	3460 Simpson St	FL. 4335
Peek, Margaret	3460 Simpson St	FL. 4335
Porteous, Gwendolyn	1461 Mountain St	LA. 0360
Powell, Elizabeth	202 Cote St. Antoine Rd	WE. 4174
Price, Marjorie	64 Forden Crescent	WE. 5953

Name	R	Address	Telephone
Ramsay, Mrs. Marion (Marion Crawford)	3480	Cote des Neiges Rd	WI. 3840
Redmond, Margot	1832	Sherbrooke St. W	FL. 7910
Richardson, Deane	1486	Chomedy St	WE. 1358
Richardson, Hope	1486	Chomedy St	WE. 1358
Richardson, Norah	561	Roslyn Ave	DE. 5890
Ritchie, Mme (Mlle Boucher)	2177	Lincoln Ave	WI. 5047
Robertson, Elizabeth	4115	Cote des Neiges Rd	FL. 1868
Robertson, Rose	4115	Cote des Neiges Rd	FL. 1868
Robinson, Peggy	3070	Westmount Blvd	FL. 6600
Roden, Phyllis	90	Sunnyside Ave	EL. 2318
Ross, Mrs. Alan (Dorothy Hyde)	5145	Cote St. Luc Rd	DE. 2343
S	S	c/o Mrs. Maxwell Fyshe, 7 Viewmount Rd	
Saegert, Mrs. J. M. (Anne Fyshe)	1540	St. Mark St	FL. 4275
Sare, Daphne	1540	St. Mark St	WI. 2888
Sare, Virginia	1456	St. Mathew St	WI. 2888
Savage, Lilias	1460	Bishop St	FL. 4812
Savage, Mrs. Murray (Nancy Johnson)	4105	Cote des Neiges Rd	HA. 5503
Scharie, Mrs. E. E. (Betty Dodd)	3311	Cedar Ave	WI. 7326
Schofield, Marjorie	50	Summit Circle	WE. 1762
Scott, Mrs. Frank (Marion Dale)	773	St. Joseph St., Dorval, P. Que	WI. 9619
Schwob, Betty	361	Melville Ave	Lachine 1020
Seath, Miss	259	Metcalfe Ave	WI. 2927
Shaw, Hilda	67	Berkeley St., West Newton, Mass., U.S.A.	WE. 2564
Shepherd, Mrs. F. J. (Elizabeth McArthur)	18	Aberdeen Ave	WE. 1415
Skelton, Naomi	3441	Peel St	PL. 3930
Stairs, Deborah	1509	Sherbrooke St. W	FL. 3961
Stairs, Margaret	3591	University St	MA. 3990
Starkey, Mrs. Hugh (Charlotte Stairs)	3182	Westmount Blvd	FL. 4152
Stansfield, Ellen	635	Carlton Place	WI. 5593
Stavert, Mrs. R. Ewart (Kathleen Rosamond)	48	Belvedere Rd	FL. 5656
Sweezey, Eleanor	48	Belvedere Rd	FL. 5656
Sweezey, Margaret	649	Grosvenor Ave	EL. 5269
Swenerton, Marjorie	49	Belvedere Rd	FL. 1226
Tatley, Jean	3108	Trafalgar Ave	FL. 6454
Thomas, Mrs. A. J. (Gerda Parsons)	122	Arlington Ave	WE. 6987
Thornhill, Eleanor	122	Arlington Ave	WE. 6987
Thornhill, Sylvia	1531	Maegregor St	FL. 0835
Thornton, Olive	1619	Selkirk Ave	FL. 4265
W	W	643 Grosvenor Ave	WA. 8364
Wachsmuth, Doris	4905	Decarie Blvd	EL. 8453
Webb, Mrs. J. Harold (Freda Orkin)	52	Gordon Crescent	DE. 1841
Webster, Mrs. Colin (Jean Frosst)	355	Olivier Ave	FL. 5961
Weldon, Betty	"Calle Solis"	227 Departments 2, Buenos Aires	
White, Mrs. Gerald (Aileen Stairs)	4339	Westmount Ave	WE. 5395
Whitley, Barbara	1469	Drummond St	WI. 1795
Wilkinson, Peggy	22	Riverside Drive, Lachine, P. Que	Lachine 893
Winslow, Mrs. Kenelin (Marjorie Stevenson)	697	Aberdeen Ave	FL. 8470
Wright, Joanna	661	Belmont Ave	WE. 3588
Young, Shelagh	11	Gray's Inn Square, London, England	

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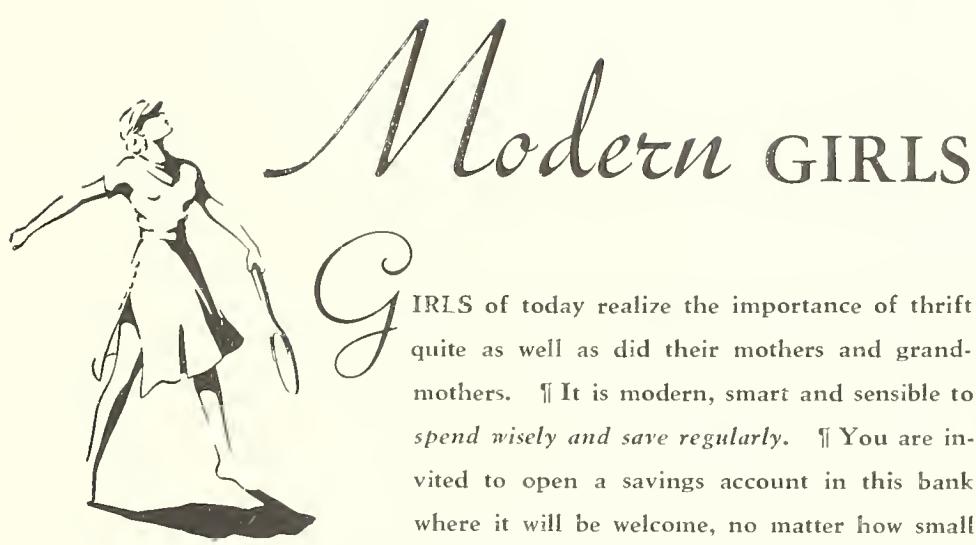
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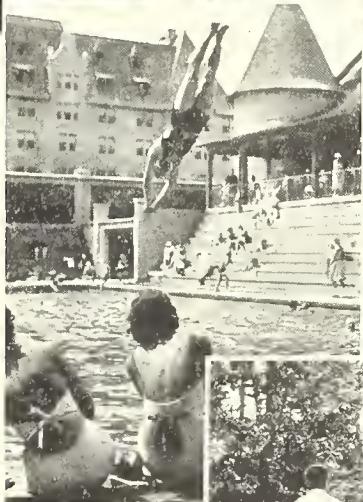
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